

MASONIC CASKET.

BY EBENEZER CHASE.

"And now abideth FAITH, HOPE, CHARITR, these three; but the greatest of these is CHARITY."

ST. PAUL.

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From the Masonic Register.

CHRISTIAN MASON.

NO. X.

BY COMPANION SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

The fourth degree of masonry, called the *Mark Degree*, throws a new and wonderful light on the three former degrees. The enlightened mason, now perceives, for the first time, the true nature and character of the Being, whom it is his highest duty to love and worship. The two great luminares, mentioned in the Mosaical account of the *fourth day of creation*, are now lighted up in his *will* and *understanding*, by the light of which he sees clearly that JESUS CHRIST is *anointed king over Israel*; that he is "God over all, blessed forever;" and that "a sceptre of righteousness is the scepter of his kingdom." The candidate is now made to *feel* and *confess*, that "this is the stone which the Jewish *builders* rejected, but which has now become the *head of the corner*." Filled with reverence and humility, he falls prostrate at the altar, and *renews* his covenant of *obedience* and *fidelity*.

"And Hiram, king of Tyre, sent his servants unto Solomon, for he had heard that they had *anointed* him *king*, in the room of his FATHER, and Hiram was ever a lover of David." And the servants of Hiram co-operated with the servants of Solomon, in preparing timber and stones to build the temple at

Jerusalem. "And Solomon's builders and Hiram's builders did hew them, and the stone-squarers; so they prepared timber and stones to build the house."

By this instructive lesson, the delighted mason is taught that the human mind consists of two parts, the *will* and the *understanding*; the former being the seat of the *affections*, and the latter of the *thoughts*. He is informed, farther, that the *affections of the will* form a kingdom by themselves, termed, in masonic language, *Israel* and *Jerusalem*; while the *thoughts, truths, and knowledges of the understanding*, form another kingdom, called *Tyre*. When the *understanding* is stored and enriched with spiritual truths from the word of God, such truths are called "the merchandise of *Tyre*, which shall be *Holiness to the Lord*." The great end of masonry is to produce regeneration; that is, to purify the *will*, and make it a fit "temple for the living God." To effect this end, the *understanding* must co-operate with all its powers and faculties. *The builders of Hiram must labour with the builders of Solomon*; and the *stone and the timber must be sent up to Jerusalem*. In other words, the spiritual truths of the *understanding*, must be elevated into the *will*.

When Hiram hears that the *Son of David* is *annointed king at Jerusalem*, he rejoices, and prepares to co-operate with him in the great work he has projected. Or, as

the enlightened mason understands these words, when the affections of the *will* are directed to the Lord JESUS CHRIST, as their king and their God, then the *understanding* voluntarily yields all its spiritual treasures as an appropriate offering for the temple about to be erected. The powers and faculties of the *understanding* co-operate with those of the *will*, while they, in return, receive spiritual nourishment from the Lord, through the medium of his word. Thus the servants of Hiram labour with the servants of Solomon, while Solomon supplies with food the household of Hiram.

But this is not all. The enlightened mason, on entering this degree, is taught, further, that “*the kingdom of Heaven*, (which is established in the mind of every true penitent) *is like unto a man that is an householder, which went out early in the morning to hire labourers into his vineyard.*” He is also made sensible that the householder is no other than the *Son of David*; the *king of Israel*; the great *Architect* of the spiritual temple; “*the only wise God our Saviour*;” the Lord JESUS CHRIST, “*whose yoke is easy and whose burden is light.*” The candidate rejoices to perceive that he has been hired as a labourer in this spiritual vineyard, and that his reward will be proportioned (not to the *length of time* he has laboured) but to the *fidelity* with which he has performed his allotted duties. Under this assurance, he learns to be content with that measure of the divine grace and mercy which is imparted to him by his Heavenly Father; because, in all such grace and mercy, to whomsoever it is given, there is contained an *infinity of blessing*; and, therefore, he has no reason either to repine at his own lot, or to envy that of another. He knows that it is impossible for any one to receive

more than an infinite good, and, consequently, that every receiver has reason to be fully contented with the promised recompence. “*They received every man a penny.*”

The young recipient of the spiritual *mark* is further taught, in this degree, that those who cherish humble and lowly opinions of themselves, are exalted in the divine favour and mercy, in exact proportion to their humility; and that they who cherish high ideas of their own merits, and think to gain the highest place in Heaven, in the way of *recompense* for their good works, are last and lowest in the divine estimation. In short, he is made *sensibly to feel*, that “*the first shall be last, and the last first.*”

Finally, the Christian Mason is instructed by appropriate symbols, emblems, and correspondences, that the great householder calls on *every man* to turn from the evil of his ways, and do that which is just and right; to “*cease to do evil and learn to do well.*” For *all* who possess the scriptures, and thereby receive the knowledge of God in their understandings, are said to be *called*, and are *very many*; but, alas! *few*, comparatively, very *few*, so far obey the precepts of divine truth contailed in that sacred volume, as to become regenerated in heart and life; and *none but the regenerate* will be, or can be *chosen*, as *worthy and accepted* members of the *grand lodge above*. The *chosen*, therefore, are those who receive the *love of God in their wills*, together with the *truth of God in their understandings*; for these are they whom God always *chooses* as being in most agreement with the purities of his own love and mercy. But since this *love of God*, is a plant of rarer growth than the *knowledge of God*, therefore it is truly said that “*many are called, but few chosen.*”

ADDRESS.

By AMOS KENDALL.

Concluded from page 63.

Though Masonry inculcates all the moral duties and the worship of one God, yet it is not Religion. It does not profess to change the heart and make at once a temple from a ruin. But Masonry and Religion are sisters. Their origin and object are the same. Both came from God; both tend to make men better; and both point to heaven as our final home. I do not say that Masonry alone will carry us there; but he, who in heart and practice follows the true principles of Masonry, does all that man can do, to climb the mystic ladder, which spans from earth to heaven. A renewed and purified heart makes no man less a Mason; for it is the glorious prize for which a true, practical Mason strives. Christianity, therefore, is not at war with Masonry. On the contrary, she is the kind angel, which takes the Mason where human efforts fail, and bears him on wings of love to that happy region for which, without divine assistance, he was vainly struggling.

Neither a Mason's nor a Christian's duties are confined to the discipline of his own heart: They range abroad and mingle themselves with all the relations of society. I have wondered that Christians, who are commanded to judge the tree by its fruit, have often been found among the enemies and persecutors of Masonry. Does not this tree yield good fruit? It disarms the bitterest personal animosities, teaches forgiveness, and forbids revenge. Is not this good fruit? It unites in one brotherhood men of all nations and languages. Is not this good fruit? Actuated by its pervading principles, at some mysterious sign or sound, arms have dropped from the hands of the most deadly na-

tional enemies on the field of battle, and those who were ready to pierce each other's bosoms, have embraced like brothers. Is not this good fruit? It fills the heart of the pennyless stranger with gladness, wipes the widow's tear and relieves the needy orphan. Is not this good fruit? Why, therefore, would some good men and Christians cut it down as a barren fig tree? But we are often told that many Masons lead immoral lives. With sorrow and shame we acknowledge the justice of this charge. Too many forget the sublime principles they have been taught and the solemn obligations they have incurred. But their vices are not the *fruit* of Masonry; they are noxious weeds, which she has not succeeded in exterminating. They shoot up spontaneously in the human heart, and not a Mason's nor a Christian's power can destroy the latent seeds. Germinate they will, and all we can do is to nip the rank shoots and thus prevent their luxuriance from overshadowing virtue's nobler plants. Judged by the standard of pure morality, what society, nay, what man, can stand the test? Would it not be disingenuous and unjust to condemn Christianity because a single professor or even a whole church deviate from its pure principles? If Christianity, which *changes the heart*, cannot extinguish vicious propensities and stop immoral practices, who can expect that grand result from Masonry, which merely professes to *discipline* the heart? He, who would suppress Masonry or Christianity, because vice sometimes rears his hated front within their sacred pale, would extinguish the sun, the source of light and heat, and plunge the world in darkness and death, because noxious vapors sometimes float on his beams! Judge no institution by the practices of its

'worst members. If its principles be good, instead of obscuring its beneficent beams in eternal night, let us drain those stagnant pools of vice whence its influence extracts poison and pestilence. Let it shine upon the uncontaminated surface of our hearts, whence will spring up, in beautiful luxuriance, the plants of Faith, Hope, and Charity, yielding immortal fruit.

My brethren, think not that you have performed all your Masonic duties merely by a regular attendance upon the meetings and labors of the lodge by complying with all its requisitions, or even by an intimate acquaintance with all the mysteries of our order. These are the body of Masonry; but what is a body without a soul? Look at our implements, our ornaments, our parades, and our days of festivity—what are they? Nothing—unless thoughtfully improved, worse than nothing. All these have their moral. There is not an implement or ornament in our lodge; there is not an emblem painted on our aprons; there is not an incident or ceremony in all our discipline, which does not point inwardly or upwardly. They remind us of our origin, our duties, and our destiny. They remind us that there is an All-seeing Eye above, which measures all our actions by the square of justice. They teach us to have faith in the Ruler of the Universe, and to look to him as our father, our friend, and our protector. Every where, and at all times, appeals to the Omniscient Mind, and reliance upon the Omnipotent Arm are recommended by the principles of our order, and will make us happier and better men. With proper conceptions of the power, the justice, and the goodness of Deity, it is impossible for a man to be a bad husband, father, friend, neighbor, or citizen.

Yet, Masonry does not content

herself with teaching this grand principle, with erecting this main pillar in the Masonic edifice. In separate lessons and in a thousand ways, she inculcates all the social duties. Submission to lawful authority, universal charity, truth, and justice, in all our intercourse with our fellow men, are precepts taught with peculiar care. We are particularly instructed, that Industry is the mother of many virtues, and that Masons should not live as drones in the hive of society. See you not among our emblems the beehive, that little industrious community, whose law punishes idleness with death? Masonry presents this as an example, and inculcates the just maxim, that "if one will not work, neither shall he eat." Have we no drones among us? Are there not Masons, who live without any occupation, feasting luxuriously on the honey, which others have gathered, and preparing to leave families degraded by their idleness and corrupted by their example, to the charities of their brethren and the world? However good Masons such men may be in theory, they are no Masons in practice. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," was the dreadful curse which the Great Creator pronounced on fallen man; and he, who attempts to evade this inevitable doom, does injustice to man and defies his Maker. Who riots in sumptuous living, and gluts his appetite on the unpaid for fruits of other men's labor? Vain man and false Mason, think you to escape unpunished? Think you not that he, who has bowed to earth and wrestled with the clods, to draw thence the luxuries on which you feast, will not soon raise his hardened palms and sun-burnt face to heaven, to call down vengeance on your fraud and injustice? There are among men, butterflies with

and study wings, robbed from the industrious bee, who ought yet to have been crawling worms, and are now in all their splendor ten times more detestable.

My brethren, I hope there are no drones among us. I hope that each of us has an honest and useful occupation, which we faithfully pursue, or stores of wealth which render personal exertion and labor unnecessary. But for the good of mankind and the honor of our order, it would be well to avoid the appearance of idleness. If it be not necessary that we labor with our own hands or direct any business for our own support, we may at least draw designs for others, and not cease to do good when we cease to labor. But O, be not idle. The idle man's mind is the devil's Trestle-Beard, on which he delights to draw designs the most captivating and yet the most noxious, the most alluring to the senses and passions of man, and yet the most fatal to Masonry and virtue. Idleness and virtue are incompatible—so, in a great degree, are industry and vice.

Brother, there is no vice more easily contracted, more difficult to conquer, or more fatal to all the nobler parts of man, than Intemperance. It would seem, that the grand enemy of our race could not have invented a more effectual weapon to extirpate from the human bosom all propensity to goodness, and present man as a being, degraded and lost beyond redemption. Fenced round with temperate habits, many virtues flourish in the human heart, yielding the fruits of peace and joy. But the maddening draught breaks down every barrier, which Philosophy, Masonry, or Religion erects, lets in every loathsome and destructive vice, and doubly ruins ruined man. Heaven has placed reason in the watchtower of the human frame,

as the wakeful sentinel to guard the avenues of our souls and repel the inroads of appetite and passion. But he, who takes the intoxicating cup, stabs this faithful sentinel, throws open the citadel of his heart, and yields himself a willing victim to the enemies of his nature. How did Alexander weep over his murdered friend, whom, in a drunken, furious moment, he had stabbed? How does every intemperate man mourn over the follies, the vices, and the crimes, into the commission of which, this habit leads him? Whether we regard it as reducing the man of sense to the simplicity of a child, or rousing the peaceful citizen to the fury of a madman, or casting God's image, a senseless beast, into the grovelling dirt, this vice is every way loathsome and detestable. How can man respect or woman love a drunkard, a brute so lost? What regard can he have for wife, children, friends, or country? In sober moments, must he not look with utter loathing, even on himself, and be acutely conscious, that he does not deserve the respect, protection, or society of men?

Masonry condemns this vice in the severest terms. Its practice is hostile to all her principles, and utterly prostrates all her benign influences. Her gentle admonitions are drowned in the noise of a debauch, and she ceases to reason with the intoxicated madman. To attempt to excite a sense of virtue and decency among cups, is as vain as attempting to drown the rattling thunder with the music of the lute. Masons should avoid this vice as a deadly enemy. Its approaches are artful and insidious. There is a kind of gentlemanly drunkenness, which sometimes presents us the silly, good natured shadows of respectable citizens walking our streets, half

40

Beasts and half men—beasts, with the power of speech ! Is there any thing great, good, or honorable in this ? I pity degraded reason when I see it thus, and wish from my heart, that the bodies from which it is so nearly expelled, might, for a time, assume the hoofs and hair of that quadruped, to which their minds are so analogous. How can a man thus degrade himself, as if there were pleasure or honor in playing the brute ? Masons, who do it repeatedly and habitually, show little respect for the principles they profess, and prove themselves unworthy of our order.

Not second to this vice, is the practice of profanity. For using the name of Deity on every trivial occasion, there is no excuse. If the profane man disbelieve the existence of a God, how ridiculous it is to swear by his name ! If he believe it, how horrible is his crime ! The Mason has not the paltry apology of the Atheist, and cannot shield himself from criminality, under the poor plea that he has merely been ridiculous ; for in becoming a Mason, he solemnly acknowledges his belief in the existence of a Deity. That very book, which he has adopted as the rule of his faith, tells him in Sinai's thunders, "*thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain ;*" and in the Christian dispensation, it says to him in milder tones, "*swear not at all.*" With the admission that God exists, and with these injunctions from his own mouth, how can a Mason be profane ! When he looks round and sees all nature, in the spirit of harmony and benevolence, from her hills and dales, in her winds and clouds, from her sun, planets and stars, shout a God, a God, how can he use that sacred name, which ought never to be uttered but with love and reverence, to give bitterness to angry curses, or add im-

portance to the most trivial remark ? If some Masons believe what they profess, how thoughtless or how *heaven-daring* is their conduct ! If, without thinking of the Great Supreme, they use his sacred name, they are *criminally thoughtless* ; and if they do think of him, they are *bidding Heaven defiance* and *attempting to hurl back the thunderer's bolt* ! The Bible tells us that "for every idle word, God will bring us into judgement." What then will be the fate of those who wilfully and perseveringly use a word infinitely worse than idle ? My brethren, if any of you are addicted to this vice, it is your duty instantly to abandon it. Every time you needlessly utter the name of God, you violate the principle of Masonry, and break a direct command of God himself.

Masonry is not confined to things present, nor from man only does she look for a reward. The happiest life is often chequered with good and evil, and an unjust world sometimes covers the most virtuous actions with infamy. But Masons should not be influenced by the plaudits or the censures of a moment. It is painful to a good heart to bear the scorn of mankind ; but what is that to the pang of guilt ? If a virtuous action brings censure and a vicious one praise, which should a good Mason or a good man choose ? What is censure to a pure heart ? It may give pain ; but it cannot kindle the consuming fire of self-condemnation. What is praise to a guilty soul ? It is oil poured upon glowing coals. But rewards and punishments are not equal here, and Masonry as well as Religion points us to another world, where all shall receive strict justice, tempered only with mercy to the repenting soul. It shews us a ladder spanning with the rounds of Faith, Hope, and Charity, from earth to heaven.

After having mounted that ladder, when Faith is lost in sight, Hope is swallowed up in fruition, and Charity alone remains, it is then and there, the perfect Mason finds the reward of all his toils and sufferings. You have participated in a Masonic funeral. You have thrown sprigs of evergreen into the grave of a deceased brother. Did those sprigs inculcate no lesson? Did the act of casting them into the narrow mansion, seem as indifferent to you as the rattling of the clods upon the coffin? No; if you thought as a Mason, it was the evidence of your hope that our deceased brother was not left there to rot, but was then flourishing an *immortal evergreen* on the mountains of eternal light, beneath a sky whose sun-beams are love, and whose showers are charity.

It is solemn to be the actors in such a scene; but what is that to being its object? Each one of us, my brethren, must be stretched in the black coffin, lifeless and pale, and yonder sun's light shut out from us forever. We must be borne to the grave and let down by others' hands into the damp-narrow mansion. Sprigs of evergreen, wet with affection's tears, will drop around us, and clods will rattle on our coffins, as if knocking at death's door to welcome a returned brother clod. Nothing but a pile of earth will witness where we are, and in a few revolving years even that will sink, and men with careless foot will tread above our heads, unconscious that a fellow mortal sleeps below. Ah, what a sleep is that! How dreadful, how mysterious, and how long! When shall we awake? how will this world then look? and what will be our destiny? To prepare for these scenes is the business of life. Our residence on earth is but a pilgrimage, which we are directed to make, not like the

Mussulman's to visit and decorate the senseless marble, which contains the ashes of a deceased prophet; but to discipline our own hearts, and scatter joy and happiness through the whole extent of our journey.

My brethren, forms are important because they cover substance; but while we observe the *forms*, let us not forget the *substance* of Masonry. Our principles teach us to forgive injuries and live as brothers, admonishing each other with mildness, and correcting each others' faults with charity. Are these duties performed? Can we receive every Mason as a brother? Can we forgive all injuries, bury revenge, extinguish hatred, and do good to him, who has injured us? Alas! how obstinate is the heart of man! how unwilling to submit to those rules, the excellence and justice of which it readily acknowledges; how ready to rebel against the dictates of reason and philosophy, and the injunctions of Masonry and Religion! But it becomes us to struggle with our evil propensities, check every unruly passion that invades our hearts, and endeavor to bear about us that serenity of mind, which pervades heaven. Then will the performance of every duty be accompanied with a foretaste of our celestial reward.—Then, resting on Hope's firm anchor and spreading the wings of Faith, we may hail Death as a kind angel, who cuts the cords that bind us to life's torturing rack, and soar above the starry canopy, where the bright gates of the celestial temple wide unfolding, will receive us into the blissful presence of our Eternal Grand Master.

He that keepeth his mouth, keepeth his life: but he that openeth wide his lips shall have destruction.

A Masonick Discourse, delivered before Mount Vernon Lodge in Washington, (N. H.) at the Festival of St. John the Baptist, on the twenty-fourth of June, A. L. 5824. By COMPANION DOLPHUS SKINNER.

WASHINGTON, JULY 8th, 5824.

Dear Sir,

We, the undersigned, are authorised and directed, in behalf of Mount Vernon Lodge, to tender you their warmest gratitude for your appropriate, evangelical, and truly masonic Discourse, delivered before them at the Festival, on the Anniversary of St. John the Baptist, and to request a copy of the same for the press.

Respectfully yours,

LEMUEL WILLIS, } Com
DAVID FARNSWORTH, } mit-
JOSEPH HULL, } tee.
DOLPHUS SKINNER.

LANGDON, JULY 9th, 5824.

Brethren,

The thanks of the fraternity of Mount Vernon Lodge, presented by their very respectable committee, is a mark of your and their approbation, for which I feel truly grateful; and their request is cheerfully granted, by submittig to their charity and candor, this copy, with its numerous imperfections, (which was prepared in haste, and without the expectation of its going to the press,) for publication.

Respectfully and

fraternally yours,

DOLPHUS SKINNER.

LEMUEL WILLIS, } Com
DAVID FARNSWORTH, } mit-
JOSEPH HULL, } tee.

Companions,

Brethren, and Friends,

This joyous, this auspicious day, commemorates the nativity of an amiable, distinguished and exemplary patron of our holy order.

This day, sacred to every Mason, sacred to every Christian, we are assembled to celebrate the delightful event of the birth of St. John the Baptist, the harbinger of the great Sun of Righteousness, the voice of one crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, and make his paths straight;" who was to open the windows of heaven, and prepare the way for a flood of light to pour upon the moral world. Welcome, thrice welcome the joyful occasion.

Hail, thou hallowed genius of Free Masonry! Hail, thou sacred, auspicious, great, and glorious day! long to be had in dear remembrance by every true lover of wisdom—by every admirer of light and of order.

This day, when first the infant Saint was ushered from the unconscious slumbers of dark embryo, to be a "bright and a shining light in the world," heaven beheld him with delighted complacency, and encircled his infancy, childhood, and youth, in the arms of an affectionate and merciful Providence.

Under the benign auspices of heaven, his noble soul expanded, till the fire of divine love filled his heart with benevolence to mankind, and on the theatre of Israel, his eloquence burst like a torrent from his lips, and prostrated the opposition that was raised by his enemies.

Divine masonry beheld his entrance on the stage of public action with exulting pride, while he preached like a man, like a mason, and like a christian. The thunders of his eloquent and pathetic divinity roared through the wilderness of Judea, and the vivid lightnings of divine truth flashed upon those benighted parts of the world, where "darkness had covered the land, and gross darkness the people."

Well may we, then, my Brethren,

zen and Companions, assemble together this day for a purpose so noble as that of celebrating the nativity of so distinguished a saint as John the Baptist.

The following passage of sacred Scripture is selected for consideration on this delightful occasion.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

Light, whether natural or moral, is the precious, the glorious, yea, the inestimable gift of heaven. Blessed are those eyes that see it, and thrice blessed and happy are those that "walk as the children of light."

The Supreme Architect of the universe, and Sovereign Disposer of all events, is called in Scripture, "The Father of Lights." It was his omniscient word that said in the beginning, "Let there be light;" and an instantaneous flash of light shone with resplendent glory around the illuminated and rejoicing world. He is the primary source of light, life, and glory, from whence originally proceed all the lesser lights in the universe.

When the Deity created man, He was pleased to create him a rational, a moral, and a social being, susceptible of beholding and contemplating on the beauty, the symmetry, and the order of the works of creation; of receiving light and moral instruction therefrom; of elevating his mind to the supreme Source of all perfection; thereby fitting him for more sublime enjoyment than this world can afford; and raising him to the celestial Paradise of God.

The better to accomplish this noble and glorious purpose, He implanted in man the principles of association at the commencement of his existence.

Without the social ties of kin-

dred nature that bind man to his fellow-man, our condition would be no better, ay, it would be worse than that of the brutal creation. In vain for man might nature spread out all her ravishing charms—in vain for him the earth might teem with richest fruits, and flowers of indiscribable beauty—in vain the animal tribes might sport around him, and pay their homage at his feet—in vain for him might all creation proffer the amplitude of her munificence in all her richest vestments clad, and invite him to share her bounties, if denied the blessing of "society, friendship, and love." Without the principle of association, mankind could not harmonize together; nor could they benefit each other by mutually giving and receiving light and instruction on moral subjects.

Numerous have been the societies, associations, and institutions, organized in the world at different times, and in different places and nations, for the advancement of light and knowledge, and the increase of happiness among mankind. But of all the societies and institutions that have ever existed in the world, that of masonry, the most ancient and honorable, as well as the most noble and glorious of them all, (Christianity only excepted,) demands our more particular consideration at this time.

I propose, in discoursing from the words of my text, in the first place, to bring into view some of the principles of masonry, and the light that masons profess to have received; and,

Secondly, to enforce the injunction of my text: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

Masonry, as to its antiquity, may with truth be said to be the most ancient of all institutions now in existence. Indeed, its prin-

pples have existed ever since the commencement of time, the creation of the world. The wisdom, strength, and beauty displayed in the contrivance, execution, and adorning of creation, show that the Divine Architect has observed Geometrical or Masonic order in the accomplishment of his designs.

But the institution, as a *society, or association of men*, was not organized until the days of Solomon, the wise king of Israel. Although the *principles, the arts, and the sciences*, of *Masonry* were cultivated and cherished by the patriarchs, prophets, and wise men, long before the days of Solomon, yet the honor of organizing the institution, and of being the first **Grand Master**, was reserved for him. His was first the honor of arranging one hundred and fifty-three thousand three hundred men, in Masonic order, by those feelings of friendship and brotherly love, which inspired their breasts while they were engaged in building the temple, so that neither envy nor discord disturbed their peace and tranquillity.

Since that time our sacred art has increased and flourished in the world beyond all other institutions, and will undoubtedly continue to flourish unto the end of time. Other societies have arisen and fallen, with a transient gleam of glory have they shone; like the sudden blaze of a comet that darts a momentary splendour through the skies, and, on a sudden, disappears. While states and nations have been disorganized and overthrown before the rapid march of ambition; and empires have sunk at the nod of the mighty conqueror; while the devastating floods of time have rolled their desolating waves over the proudest monuments of human art, and the most splendid trophies of heroic a-

chievement, and they have sunk into oblivion; and even the splendid temple of Solomon, that once towered above the efforts of human skill, and was the fabrick of years of labour, the pride of kings, the glory of nations, and the admiration of the world, has not escaped the unsparing ravages of time; our noble fabric, *divine masonry, still survives*, the relic of antiquity, bleached with the hoary frost of time, yet blooming in vigorous and immortal youth, bidding defiance to dissolution or the ravages of age, and dispensing her light and glory on numberless successive generations of her worthy sons and patrons. For masonry is founded on the sure foundation, the Rock of eternal ages, the tried corner stone; and the gates of hell can never prevail against it. The fabrick of Free Masonry is founded on virtue—cemented with love—tends to perfection—is crowned with glory!

Masonry has for its object the emendation, improvement, and amelioration of mankind. As a moral institution, it is without a parallel for excellence. It is second to none but Christianity, for Religion. Indeed it has the same object in view that the christian religion has: and may with propriety be called the obedient hand maid, the humble auxiliary, the subsidiary of Christianity.

Though its enemies often revile and scoff at masonry, and say it is the dark plot of villainy, where iniquity is matured, and the secret arts of magic and necromancy practiced: and that it is an enemy to all religion: yet every worthy, every honest, every faithful craftsman will bear me witness to the falsity of the assertion; and with his dying lips will testify, in favor of the institution, that masonry is divine.

To you, who revile and scoff at

masonry, I say, Take heed to your steps; beware how ye speak; the ground on which you tread, may be holy. In your accusations against masonry, I impeach you in the name of the wisest of men, whose ashes now rests in the mouldering urn. I impeach you in the name of that Saint whose nativity we this day commemorate. Yea, I impeach you in the name of that God and that religion in whose service, it is my delight as well as my honor to be employed.

It is well known to every free and accepted Mason, that we acknowledge the Holy Bible as the great light of masonry; that on the bended knee at our sacred altar, we receive it as the rule and guide to our faith, whose luminous pages are to light our pathway to heaven, and conduct us, while we walk in its light, to the realms of beatific joy on high. While we allow to each brother, the privilege of judging for himself respecting its various and glorious doctrines, and of modelling his faith according to his own conscience, and thus unite, and conciliate true friendship between men of the most different religious creeds and sentiments, yet we all alike believe in the one Supreme and superlatively glorious Being who is its Author. The bold Atheist can never tread our hallowed courts. The willing infidel, the professed libertine, or the vile scoffer at religion, finds no retreat with us.

It may further be observed that masons, instead of being enemies to the Bible and religion, have been the humble instruments in the hand of God, of preserving from the devouring flames of Jerusalem at its destruction by the Babylonians, the Pentateuch of Moses.

Every Companion who has been

exalted to the sublimely glorious degree of ROYAL ARCH MASON—who has been admitted within the inner veil of our sacred retreat—seen the “king in his beauty”—beheld the rod of Aaron budding to blossom—tasted of the hidden manna of divine bounty—and seen the Ark, the sacred Ark of the covenant, that contained “the law and the testimony,” borne along from the ruins with rejoicing, is satisfied perhaps, beyond a doubt, that it is to masons the world is indebted for the preservation of the Pentateuch; that, at the building of the *second* temple, it was dug from under the ruins of the *first* by Ezra, Zerubabel, Nehemiah, (three distinguished Royal Arch Masons, and the founders of the degree,) and their associate companions, where it had been buried by masons previous to the burning of the temple; hence the real mason will never be a reviler of the Bible, nor a scoffer at Religion, nor a persecutor of others, though he may sometimes be persecuted.

As to politics, masonry interferes not with state affairs; has nothing to do with government or laws, except in enacting her own laws, and governing her own sons. She never allows her sons to be engaged in conspiracies or insurrections against government, but requires them to be obedient subjects to the respective laws and rulers under which it is their fortune to live. She asks no honors from the state, no distinctions in courts of the mighty, no laurels in the field of battle, no adulation from the proud, no flattery from the gay. Though her glory is like the meridian Sun, and her beauty like the rising moon, yet her’s is the spirit of modesty and meekness itself.

(To be continued.)

A list of the subordinate Lodges under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of New-Hampshire, with the names of their principal officers, and the times and places of their meetings, according to the last returns.

NAMES AND NO.	PLACE.	MASTER.	WARDENS.	SECRETARY.	TIME OF MEETING.
St. John's 1	Portsmouth.	James Ladd.	S. Melcher, Robert Gray.	John Bennett.	First Wednesday in the month.
Jerusalem 4	Westmoreland.	Philip Hall.	Orlo Richardson, Stephen Dean.	Daniel Dwight.	Tuesday of or preceding full moon.
Franklin 6	Lebanon.	Ammi B. Young.	B. L. Greenough, Sam'l. S. Barrows.	Azel Peck.	Monday preceding full moon.
Benevolent 7	Amherst.	Isaac Sawtell.	Ensign Bailey, Josiah French.	Wm. Melendy.	Monday of or preceding full moon.
North Star 8	Lancaster.	William Lovejoy.	J. Batchelder, Abel Moore.	Asahel Going.	Tuesday in the week of 6 full moon.
Hiram 9	Claremont.	R. Elmer.	Daniel Bond, jr. Oliver Hubbard.	Asa Holton.	First Wednesday.
Union 10	Orford.	William Howard.	G. M. Phelps, Elias B. Driggs.	Saml. T. Moery.	Monday of the week of full moon.
Blazing Star 11	Concord.	Thos. Waterman.	S. Blanchard, jr. B. Boardman.	Albe Cady.	Tuesday of or preceding full moon.
Faithful 12	Charlestown.	L. Hammond.	Jacob Adams, Josiah Bawtell.	Caleb Allen.	Wednesday preceding full moon.
Washington 13	Exeter.	Enoch Row.		N. Batchelder.	Second Wednesday.
King Solomon's 14	New-London.	W. Little, J. W.		Samuel Kimball.	Wednesday preceding full moon.
Worrell Vernon 15	Washington.	Green French.		Jonathan Gove, Jacob S. Gould.	Monday of or preceding full moon.

NAME AND NO.	PLACE.	MASTER.	WARRANT.	SECRETARY.	TIME OF MEETING.
					TIME OF MEETING.
Olive Branch 16	Plymouth.	Robert Fowle.	Joseph Shepard, Caleb Keith.	Wm. Thornton.	Tuesday preceding full moon.
Morning Star 17	Wolfborough.	Jobathan Copp.	David Clarke, William Piper.	Joseph W. Lang.	Wednesday of or pre- ceding full moon.
Charity 18	Troy.	Josiah Ingalls, jr.	Jared Perkins, Amos Hale.	L. B. Richardson.	Wednesday of or prece- ding full moon.
Sullivan 19	Lee.		Israel Bartlett.		Thursday of or prece- ding full moon.
Centre 20	Sandbornton.	James Clark.	C. S. Sandborn, J. W. Clement.	Joseph Smith, jr.	Monday of or preceding full moon.
Humane 21	Rochester.	C. Dennet.	Joshua Jones, W. B. Knight.	James C. Cole.	Monday of or preceding full moon.
Mount Moriah 22	Canaan.	Ebenezer Chase.	Stephen Folsom, Henry Currier.	Timothy Tilton.	Tuesday of or prece- ding full moon.
Cheshire 23	Plainfield.	Elias Frost.	Timothy Nutting, A. Burnap.	J. Parker, jr.	Wednesday preceding full moon.
Bethel 24	New-Ipswich.	Asa Prichard.	C. Whitney, H. Campbell.	Henry Isaacs.	Tuesday of or prece- ding full moon.
Meridian Sun 25	Bath.	John Merrill.	Daniel Plumley, Ezra Sandborn.	Daniel S. Smith.	Wednesday in the week of full moon.
Altemont 26	Dublin.	Levi Fisk.	Daniel Robb, Asa Heald.	Joseph Appleton.	Monday of or preceding full moon.
Bible 27	Goffstown.	Thomas Runlet.	David Steele, Isaac Stearns.	Jonathan Aiken.	Tuesday of or prece- ding full moon.
Corinthian 28	Newport.	William Cheney.	S. Partredge, Josiah Forsaith.	Willard Harris.	First Tuesday in the month.
Brafford 29	Dover.	George Piper.	Stephen Davis, John W. Mellen.	James B. Varney.	Wednesday preceding, or that on which moon full.

NAME AND NO.	PLACE.	MASTER.	WARDENS.	SECRETARY.	TIME OR MEETING.
					WEEKLY
St. Paul's 30	Alstead.	Elijah Bingham.	A. Warren, John Peters.	Eber Carpenter.	Thursday previous to, or at full moon.
St. Peter's 31	Bradford.	Enoch Darling.	Cyrus Cressey, Artemas Rogers.	Jacob Straw.	Thursday on or preceding full moon.
Mount Lebanon 32	Gilford.	J. T. Coffin.	John Avery, Amos Smith.	Francis Russell.	Wednesday on or preceding full moon.
Pythagoras 33	Portsmouth.	Daniel P. Drown.	Thos. G. Moses, Timothy Tilton.	John Gregory.	Third Tuesday in each month.
Rockingham 34	Hampton.	J. M. Seaward.	Samuel Dow, John Dearborn, jr.	Thos. Leavitt, jr.	Tuesday of the week in which the moon fulls.
Warner 35	Warner.	H. G. Harris.	Joseph True, Daniel Runnels.	Abner B. Kelley.	Thursday of the week in which the moon fulls.
Samaritan 36	Salisbury	Samuel Brown.	Austin George, Thos. R. White.	John Townsend.	Wednesday on, or preceding full moon.
Evening Star 37	Colebrook.	Jona. E. Ward.	D. L. Isham, Francis Flanders.	John L. Sheafe.	Wednesday on, or preceding full moon.
Harmony 38	Hillborough.	David Fuller.	Alfred Gordon, J. Bickford.	John Duncan.	Wednesday on, or preceding full moon.
Rising Sun 39	Dunstable.	Alfred Greele.	Israel Hunt, jr., M. D. Lovewell.	John M. Hunt.	Wednesday on, or preceding full moon.
Philesian 40	Winchester.	B. Kimball.	John G. Mudge, Evi Pierce,	A. B. Doolittle.	First Wednesday in each month.

NOTICE.

It is not probable that the Casket will be continued more than to complete this volume; and the publisher wishing to render the work as interesting as possible, concludes it best to publish it occasionally, as he may receive matter; but so as to have it completed in the course of the year 1825; and as the engagements of the editor are such, that he cannot pay that attention to the work for a few months, that it deserves; the next number will be postponed until March or April next.

Patrons of the Casket are earnestly requested to send such information, during its publication, as shall be interesting to the fraternity.

E. CHASE.

DIED,

In Lebanon N. H. Oct. 19th, James Ralston Esq. a native of Scotland, aged 53 years. He was for many years a resident in that town,—a respectable mer-

chant, and highly valued citizen. He was of the order of Knights Templars. His remains were interred with masonic honors, and a discourse was delivered on the occasion by companion E. Chase, from 2 Cor. 5. 1.

A PRAYER SUITABLE TO BE USED AT
OPENING A LODGE.

Most holy, most glorious, and ever to be adored, Lord, God All mighty; thou great Architect of the Universe, thou giver of all good gifts and graces; who hast promised thy presence where two or three are gathered together in thy name; we would most humbly beseech thee, to bless us in our labours, and all undertakings that are agreeable to thy holy will; and to grant us wisdom and strength, that we may in all things, be enabled to discharge our duty to thee, to each other, and to the whole human family; and that all our actions may tend to thy glory, and our advancement in knowledge, and in virtue. So mote it be.

ORIGINAL ODE.

TUNE—*Anacreon in Heaven.*

1 'In the gay gilded east, where the sun's morning rays
Disperse the dark mists that hang over the ocean—
Where the *Grand Architect* so divinely displays,
In his pleasure or vengeance, its peace or commotion—
There the great *trine* light,
Which our heart-strings unite,
Effulgently burst through the chaos of night.
Twas a gleam from the fountain of Wisdom and Love—
From the star-circled throne of the Grand Lodge above.

2 'Twas there that the temple of Wisdom was built,
And *Masonry* shone in its beauty and splendor—
And there the vile ruffians of *murder* and *guilt*
Too well knew the justice, which Wisdom could render.
Then the *ashler* was squar'd,
And the cedar prepar'd,
And a temple to God in its splendor was rear'd.

80

‘Twas an union of soul, and an union of thought,
And the “sound of the hammer was heard not throughout.”

3 Now hail to the great king of *Wisdom* and *Truth*,
The most brilliant *star* in our *trio of union*—
And the *Son of the Widow*—the Tyrian youth—
Whose mem’ry we toast in our frequent communion—
Let us drop a fond tear.
O'er our Grand Master's bier,
For long to our souls shall his mem’ry be dear;
And oft as the voice of our mourning we raise,
The *Sanctum Sanctorum* shall send forth his praise.

4 But brethren, though ruffians our pathway beset,
As friendless and lone through the cold world we travel,
We must never the *pass-word* of Virtue forget,
Nor the tools of our order, the *guage, square, and gavel*.
Let our motto still be,
“*Faith, Hope, Charity,*”
And our order forever and ever be *free*.
The flowret shall grow, and the *Cassia* shall bloom,
And deck with their verdure our *Grand Master's tomb*.

5 To *St. John*, in the fulness and strength of each heart,
Let the sound of our praise rise in fervent devotion:
A *Christian*—a patron, a friend of our art—
Now far, far away from the world's vile commotion.
Let the Wardens proclaim
Our kind patron's name,
And the halls of the Temple re-echo his fame:
For long as the turbulent ocean-wave rolls,
His mem’ry still warmer shall glow in our souls.

6 O, blest be that spirit of *brotherly love*,
Which binds us together in peace and affection;
And when the last trump shall have sounded ~~above~~
May the arm of *Omnipotence* lend us protection.
Be the *plumb-line* our guide;
By the *square* we'll be tried,
And if *worthy* shall sit at our *Grand Master's* side:
Then that which was *lost* we shall once more regain—
And the *Word* shall shine forth in its lustre again.